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**THERE CAME A DAY**  
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By George Elmer Cobb.

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"This is no time for a pillow fight—turn on the hot stuff and give those people to understand that they must vacate!"

These were the words that expressed the forcible mandate of John Brooks, mine owner, and Vernon Whyte did not like them one bit.

He liked them less than ever when he reached the destination to which



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he had been sent. His orders had been strict. The Brooks Company operated a big mine at Coketon. Some squatters had built their poor shacks on a little plot of ground near the mine. They were to be evicted. If they went willingly Whyte was authorized to pay for the removal of their household traps to any location reasonably near. If not, their rude huts were to be pulled down over

their heads and they could shift for themselves.

A refined, business-like young man with the world all before him, the confidential secretary of the millionaire coal operator, as good as engaged to his haughty but beautiful daughter, Portia, might heedlessly and selfishly ignore what he saw at Coketon. His was a free, sterling nature, however. He delivered his message to the unfortunate squatters in a kindly, sorrowing way. More than one of the group found him an interested counsellor and many of them shared his pitying charity from his generous purse. One case particularly appealed to him.

In an old cottage that had once been the home habitation of a little farm, Whyte came across Neva Dorris and her brother Gabriel. The first moment his eyes rested upon the clear, earnest face of the girl something stirred within him as if he had met an ideal. She was composed, modest, business-like. She indicated that if the law ordered them to leave the house they would obey. Yet her lip quivered and there was a latent flush of half-resentment, half indignation in her eyes.

"Mr. Brooks might have spared us," she said. "It was my dead father who first discovered the coal here. I cannot tell how, for he died suddenly, but before his death I know he had some important business negotiations with the company. He once owned this ground. I was amazed when he died to find that he had left us nothing."

"Shall I present these facts to Mr. Brooks," suggested Whyte gently.

"I have written to him twice in regard to the matter," responded the girl. "He has never deigned to notice my communications. I have managed to earn a pittance at sewing. My poor brother, crippled in one arm, the result of an overblast in the mine, is given work there. I do not wish to antagonize the company, so we will move, but I feel that we have rights